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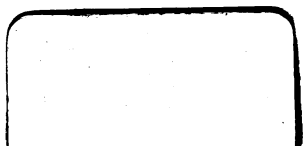
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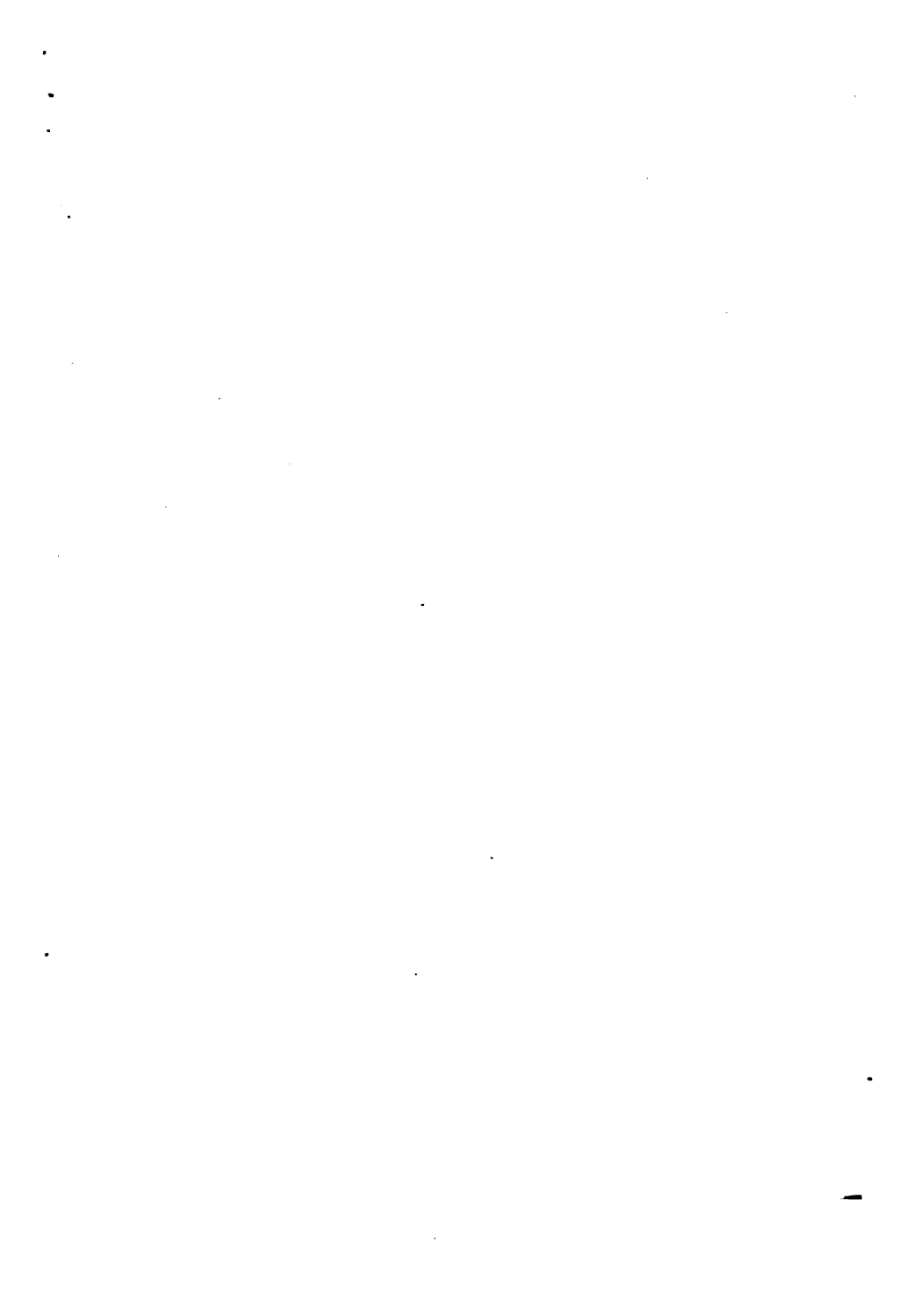
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ALEXANDER POPE

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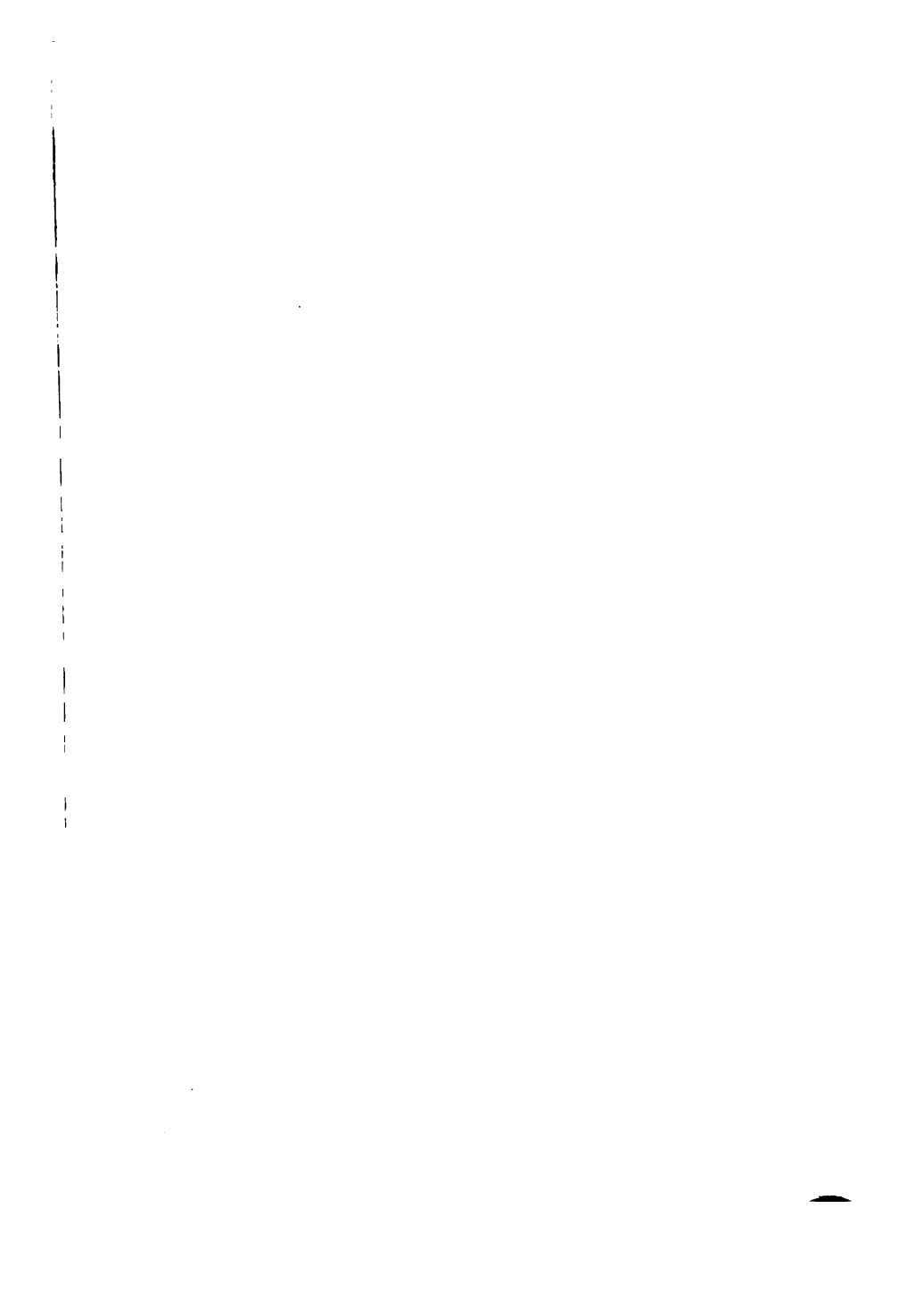
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SELECTED POEMS OF
ALEXANDER POPE

Edited with an Introduction and Commentary

by
JOHN HEATH-STUBBS



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LONDON MELBOURNE TORONTO
SINGAPORE CAPE TOWN
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HONG KONG

ALEXANDER POPE 1688-1744
INTRODUCTION AND COMMENTARY
© JOHN HEATH-STUBBS 1964

FIRST PUBLISHED 1964

LOAN STACK

*Published by
Heinemann Educational Books Ltd
15-16 Queen Street, Mayfair, London, W.1
Printed in Great Britain by Morrison and Gibb Ltd
London and Edinburgh*

941p
1964a

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INTRODUCTION

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in 1688. His father, who was a linen-draper by trade, was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, but had been converted in youth to Roman Catholicism. Not long after the poet's birth his father retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest. As a Roman Catholic the young Pope was debarred from entering Public School or University. He was educated privately by priests, but also read widely for himself, especially in the Latin, English, French and Italian poets. His health was severely injured, whether by illness or accident is not certain, at the age of twelve, and Pope grew up stunted in stature and with a spinal curvature which rendered him hunch-backed. His poetic talents appeared very early, and were encouraged by his father. While still a child he wrote a play based on Homer's *Iliad*, to be acted by himself and his companions. Some of the pieces printed among the *Minor Poems* at the end of the present selection date from his 'teens, while the *Pastorals*, his first published work, date from his sixteenth year. By this time Pope had already attracted the attention of several neighbouring gentry with literary tastes. Among these were the poet and critic Walsh (to whom the *Pastorals* were to be dedicated) and the old dramatist Wycherley.

Pope's *Pastorals*, which had circulated in manuscript, came to the notice of the eminent London publisher and bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who printed them in his *Miscellany* for 1709. Pope now began to frequent London literary circles, and at first was drawn into that of Addison, whose meeting-place was Button's Coffee House. To this period belong such characteristic early poems as *An Essay on Criticism* (1711) and *The Rape of the Lock* (1712). *Windsor Forest* (1713), besides paying tribute to the countryside of Pope's boyhood, concluded with a passage prophesying a coming age of

peace and prosperity as a result of the Peace of Utrecht, whereby Queen Anne's Tory ministry had ended the war with France. Addison and his friends were Whigs, but the sympathies of Pope, as a Roman Catholic, were inevitably with the Tories. It is not therefore surprising that he should move away from Addison's circle. He had already quarrelled with one of its members, Ambrose Philips, over the merits of their respective *Pastorals*.

Pope now formed a far stronger and more enduring friendship with the Tory wits, Swift and Bolingbroke. Together with Arbuthnot they founded The Scriblerus Club which also included Gay and the Irish poet Thomas Parnell. Its object was a concerted attack by means of satire and irony on pedantry and dull and bad writing of all kinds.

From 1715 to 1720 Pope was almost exclusively occupied with his translation of Homer's *Iliad*. His embarking on this task represents in more ways than one, a critical turning-point in his career. The profits he received from its sale by subscription were to render him financially independent for the rest of his life. But it was also a challenge to his endurance and self-discipline. A more mature and intellectually stronger poet was to emerge.

As for the translation itself, it is, in spite of several limitations, a major achievement. Pope's knowledge of Greek was in fact slight, and he relied considerably on earlier translations, both French and English (including Chapman's Elizabethan version). Nevertheless what he produced was a major Augustan poem in its own right. A poet so great and so universal as Homer needs reinterpreting and fresh translation for each succeeding age. To-day, no doubt, we seek qualities in Homer other than those which Pope and his generation most admired. We will find more modern—and probably much inferior—translations more illuminating. The Augustan polish of Pope will seem appropriate enough to us in those poems where he is dealing directly with his own time but transferred to heroic Greece it may strike us as incongruous. Nevertheless, his translation has a swiftness of pace and a rhetorical vigour which still make it eminently readable.

The *Iliad* translation was followed, between 1725 and 1726, by a version of the *Odyssey*. In the latter, Pope employed two minor poets, William Broome and Elijah Fenton, as his assistants in several of the books of the poem, but carefully revised and polished the material with which they provided him.

In 1719 Pope had secured the lease of a villa in Twickenham, where he continued to live till his death in 1744. He is buried in Twickenham church. In these later years Pope lived the life of an independent man of letters. He produced his edition of Shakespeare (1725), and composed such important original poems as the *Moral Essays* and *An Essay on Man* (1733-34)—these together forming the *Ethick Epistles*—*The Dunciad* (1728-43), and the *Imitations of Horace* (1734-38). These latter together with the wholly original *Epistle to Arbuthnot* constitute perhaps his most mature and his finest work. Pope follows Horace closely, but substitutes contemporary allusions for those of the original, and frequently expands and adds to his material considerably. His assumption of the Horatian *persona* enables him effectively to appear as a detached moralist and commentator on his own age. This is partly because there was a more than superficial analogy between the Rome of Horace's time and the England of Pope's. Both were ages of prosperity and stability following on a period of prolonged civil disturbance, and their literary ideals were also similar. In both cases what was aimed at was the polished imitation of generally recognized models of excellence, rather than originality of an absolute kind. Within this framework the poet was to express generally recognized and universal truths of human nature, in a language at once memorable and refined such as might most fittingly transmit those truths to succeeding generations. The term 'Augustan', derived as it is from the Emperor under whom Horace wrote, is therefore quite fittingly used, in English literary parlance, for the age of Pope also.

Pope is then the greatest poet of this English Augustan age. Of his immediate literary contemporaries, only his friend Swift excelled him in intellectual and imaginative power; and in command

of the technique of verse—especially of the rhymed couplet as a vehicle of satire and of reasoned argument—only his great predecessor and acknowledged master, Dryden, can be compared to him. The heroic couplet, indeed, Pope brought to perfection, and in his mature writings, seldom ventured to handle any other form; and when he did so venture (as in the *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*) he only partially succeeded. Those then who start with the presupposition that the heroic couplet is artificial and monotonous, or merely a vehicle for neat and polished epigram, will find their capacity for appreciating Pope's poetry severely limited. Yet in spite of the much greater appreciation and far more balanced criticism of Pope which has grown up over the last quarter of a century or so, this attitude, a hangover from nineteenth-century prejudice, is still far too common. It even tends to be accentuated by a distinctively modern development—our lazy reading habits. Under the impact of the ever-increasing volume of ephemeral popular journalistic and entertainment literature, intended not for reading but merely for skimming, we read too quickly, allowing the eye to run ahead of the ear and of the brain itself. Pope's verse should never be read in this way, but for preference out loud, at the speed of the natural speaking voice.

Full value should be given to the pauses, and the astonishingly subtle variety with which Pope introduces them into his verse. Pope's real mastery will then appear—a mastery over a limited but supremely delicate and sensitive instrument, like the clavichord and harpsichord of his own age which, when the ear of the listener has become accustomed to them, will often make the rhetoric of the nineteenth century and modern piano seem ponderous by comparison. For Pope is far more than a pointed epigrammatist, and indeed, though many of his greatest triumphs were won in the field of satire, they are not his only triumphs. He can be splendidly rhetorical (as in his Homeric translations and parts of *The Essay on Man*) or easily conversational (as in his Horatian imitations and Familiar Epistles). He can make a sudden but perfectly natural transition from the fiercest satire to the personally tender (a good

example of this is in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, in the verses on Bufo and those immediately following on the death of Gay). His imagery is equally wide in its scope, it ranges from the Claude-like landscape painting of *Windsor Forest* to the Hogarthian grotesque realism of the *Dunciad*, from the exquisite sensuous realization of the artificial in *The Rape of the Lock* to the romantic wildness of *Eloïsa to Abelard*.

But though we may readily admit the brilliance of Pope's writing, as well as a variety and range of tone not so often acknowledged, it may still be difficult to define the essential quality of his imagination—that in fact which makes him a great poet. The title, however, has often been denied to him. Matthew Arnold, indeed, went so far as to declare that both Dryden and Pope were 'not classics of our poetry, but classics of our prose' and found the work of the latter lacking in 'high seriousness' and 'an adequate criticism of life'. Yet this is hardly to take Pope on his own terms, nor on those of his own and his age's ideal of what poetry should be. For the Neo-classical age did take poetry seriously, and accorded to it an essentially moral, too often indeed, a didactic function. But the moral approach was one very different from that of Arnold or his Victorian contemporaries.

What this approach was may perhaps best be gathered from a statement of Pope himself, recorded by his friend Joseph Spence. 'About fifteen,' Pope told Spence, 'I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh: he encouraged me much, and used to tell me that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct, and he desired me to make that my study and aim.' This ideal of correctness is central to Pope and to his age, and it is a moral as much as an aesthetic ideal. Correctness meant adherence to the rules which criticism had deduced from the practice of the great poets of Classical antiquity and which these poets themselves had discovered in Nature. Nature was not so much the external nature of landscape (though the concept included that also) as human nature, the root quality of man's mind, everywhere and in all ages the same,

modified only by accidental, local and temporal circumstances. To write correctly then was not to make oneself the slave of a set of arbitrary canons, but to make oneself free of universal truth. To neglect it was a moral offence, because it involved a falsification of values and a distortion of truth.

This frequently quoted statement of Pope on correctness must, therefore, be taken in conjunction with one rather less familiar, which follows shortly afterwards in the same conversation with Spence. 'I am in no concern,' Pope says, 'whether people should say this is writ well or ill; but that it is writ with a good design. "He has writ in the cause of virtue, and done something to mend people's morals" is the only commendation I long for.' This moral concern is an essentially humanistic one. It directly parallels Swift's belief that his *Gulliver's Travels* would 'marvellously mend the world'. It is the duty of the imaginative writer to teach, by displaying the true nature of Man, and his relation to the Universal, and also by castigating in satire those follies and vices of his own time which are essentially deviations from Nature. Properly understood, a poetry thus inspired surely does not lack its own kind of high seriousness, and it is most certainly a criticism of life. Where it differs from that of the nineteenth century, as well as from that of our own day, is in its steady confidence that there is a clearly discernible, fixed and unchanging human nature, which furnishes the basis on which this criticism rests. In the nineteenth century evolutionary historicism, and in our own day the social and psychological sciences, have largely undermined this belief. Hence for Arnold, and still more for us, criticism of life no longer rests on the universal light of an unchanging and readily discernible authority, but on that of subjective, questing, fitful and uncertain Romantic vision.

So, far indeed from being no poet, Pope showed many of the characteristics of the poetical temperament (if we may allow that there is such a thing) in a singularly pure form. He was intensely devoted to his art, and furthermore made it almost the entire business of his life. This a remarkable combination of historical

and personal circumstances both permitted and, as we may say, more or less compelled him to do. He was born of Roman Catholic parents in the year of the Glorious Revolution, which saw the deposition and flight of James II, and with it the death-blow to any hopes of a Roman Catholic ascendancy in England. The Papists, though they included some old families of culture and distinction (like Pope's friends, the Fermors and the Blounts), formed a despised and persecuted minority—the persecution taking the form of a series of petty and vindictive Penal Laws, which were not and could not be strictly enforced. They meant, however, that Roman Catholics spent their lives in an atmosphere of equivocation, subterfuge and evasion; and to this must be attributed some, at least, of the disingenuousness which undoubtedly sometimes marked Pope's character in later life even though recent research has done much to clear him from some of the worst imputations which have been made against him. It is true that the arguments of Pope's verse (especially in *An Essay on Man*) seem often to tend towards the universalism, naturalism and scepticism which formed part of the general intellectual atmosphere of his century. But he always remained formally loyal, at least, to the religion of his parents. This religion not only barred him from a Public School and University education, and also from any hope of ever attaining public office—whether that might offer the opportunity of actually exercising political power, or merely of a comfortable sinecure.

But these very circumstances enabled Pope as a boy to follow his own bent, and to engage in an intense and almost exclusive study of the English and Latin poets, and in his later years to devote himself entirely to literary composition. His enormously successful translation of Homer was the 'five years labour' which made him financially independent. No longer having to rely on private or public patronage, he settled down in his villa at Twickenham, to play the congenial part of the detached Horatian observer and moralist.

Along with the social disabilities entailed on him by his religion,

we must take into consideration Pope's stunted person and physical deformities (with consequent chronic ill-health). This increased his sensitiveness and irritability, as well as making him fatally vulnerable to personal attack—not excluding the threat of physical violence in an age that was not squeamish of it. One can hardly admire too much the courage of the man who, in spite of these handicaps, won his way (in the teeth of the continual attacks of his enemies) to a universally acknowledged literary pre-eminence, not only in the England of his day, but throughout civilized Europe. One must admire no less the note of urbane good-humour which sounds through his poetry as frequently as, and indeed, more frequently than that of spleen and bitterness. Yet the myth of Pope as a twisted monster of dwarfish malignity dies hard. It has, one supposes, a kind of sinister romantic appeal. It furnishes (like the similar myth of Swift as a misanthropic madman) a convenient excuse for ignoring the implications of his poetry when they are unflattering to the presuppositions of our own age. Yet a myth it largely is. Against the picture of Pope in his unrelenting warfare against Dennis, Addison and his circle, Bentley, and the Dunces generally, we must off-set that of the tender, affectionate and loyal friend, and the generous encourager of young poets of talent. Pope was undoubtedly that notorious species of animal which, when attacked, defends itself. But the attacks made upon him were often mean and brutal in the extreme. Furthermore, in singling out personalities as he did, Pope was not prompted solely by motives of revenge. Departure from the canons of good taste and good sense were for him, as we have seen, moral offences. He used individuals as symbols of universal corruptions no less than did a greater poet, Dante, when he relegated some of his political opponents to the lowest circles of Hell. We, for whom these eighteenth-century feuds are forgotten history, may do well, in reading Pope, mentally to substitute for the proper names in his satire those of whatever literary or political figures of our own time may seem to us personally most fittingly to symbolize the particular type of perennial wickedness or foolishness Pope is aiming at.

Pope's poetical career falls rather markedly into two periods. Of the poems written before he was thirty, very few evince the satirical power with which he is chiefly associated. Of important early poems, only *An Essay on Criticism* is quite typically in the Neo-classical manner. The others such as the *Pastorals*, *Windsor Forest*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *Eloisa* and the *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady* exhibit in varying degrees and in different ways a type of sensibility which anticipates that of the Romanticism of a later age, rather than that which is generally thought of as characteristic of the Neo-classical period. Such a cut-and-dried dichotomy between 'Classicism' and 'Romanticism' is, however, to a large extent misleading when we are considering the development of our literature. England never submitted as whole-heartedly to the Neo-classical rules as did France. The national temperament, as well as the established prestige of Shakespeare and the growing fame of Milton, precluded it. There is a strong undercurrent of melancholy, Gothicism, Primitivism, and other so-called Romantic qualities even in many Restoration writers—for example, in the tragedies of Otway and Lee, in Aphra Behn's novel *Oroonoko* and in some of Dryden's *Fables*. What is significant, however, is that it was only as he approached middle life that Pope 'stooped to truth and moralized [his] song'. The earlier verse is that of a brilliant and spirited youth. Beneath the strict convention (which may to us appear artificial, though to Pope's contemporaries it would not) there is much genuine feeling and even tenderness: note, for example, the sympathy for hunted animals and birds in *Windsor Forest** and the half-amused, half-sad repining at the inevitable passing of youth and beauty, with their attendant frivolities, in *Clarissa's* speech at the end of *The Rape of the Lock*. The later work is that of an adult and morally concerned man.

Doubtless the intellectual discipline involved in the task of the Homeric translations, which form a kind of dividing wall between

* Pope, in an article in Steele's *Guardian*, was one of the first to protest against the prevalent cruelty to animals which marked his age.

Pope's two creative periods, had something to do with this development. But more important, probably, was Pope's reaction to the changing historical situation of England. At the close of the reign of Queen Anne, Pope's Tory friends had been in power. Their great triumph, the Peace of Utrecht, seemed to Pope to promise a golden age of coming peace and prosperity. A Jacobite Restoration with the prospect of relief for the Roman Catholics, seemed still a possibility. The unexpected death of the Queen, and the coming of George I from Hanover, brought an end to all such hopes. Bolingbroke went into exile in France, while Swift ate his heart out in Ireland, his ambitions of political influence permanently frustrated. Though his Roman Catholic affiliations led Pope inevitably to associate himself with the Tories, he had no such political ambitions himself. But what happened to England under Hanoverian rule was in his eyes a progressive moral corruption. During Pope's later years the Whigs were in power, and the Tories in permanent and seemingly hopeless opposition. Walpole, though not a dictator in the modern sense, was for twenty years virtually absolute ruler of the country. He kept himself in power by his extremely skilful financial policy, by systematic corruption in both Houses of Parliament, and by control and censorship of the Press and of the Theatre. This in fact gave to England a much-needed period of stability, and increasing financial prosperity for the great City Merchants and the new Whig aristocracy. But in Pope's eyes there were 'new Saturnian days of lead and gold'. I hazard the guess that a close study of the credit and banking system in this period would throw much light on the imagery of Pope and of Swift—especially the latter's satire on projectors. But this task still awaits the emergence of a scholar combining a knowledge of economic history with literary imagination and sensibility. Suffice it to say that much of Pope's satire is to be read by no means as an outpouring of personal spite, but as a criticism, from a traditional humanist point of view, of the materialism of a commercial society. As such, it is by no means without significance for our own day.

One of the most important results which the changing economic

structure of English society in the eighteenth century brought about was the emancipation of the writer from private patronage, and his emergence as a professional man of letters. Pope himself benefited by this change, making himself financially independent through the sale of his *Homer* by private subscription, and such important bookseller publishers as Tonson and Lintot were always ready to give him good prices for whatever he wrote. A new middle-class reading public had in fact emerged, eager for instruction, information and entertainment. It was soon to find in the novel a form perfectly fitted to its tastes. Eventually, in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the novelist was to a large extent to put the poet out of business. This Pope could not foresee, but he was acutely aware of another aspect of the situation. This was the proliferation of a different sort of literature, largely journalistic in character, often indeed scandalous or sensational, designed not to uphold the traditional standards of excellence, but to sell as quickly and as widely as possible. This was duly poured forth by the literary underworld of Grub Street scribblers and profitably marketed by such unscrupulous publishers as Edmund Curle. It is true that a popular pamphlet literature of this kind had existed since Elizabethan times, but the eighteenth century really saw the beginnings of that expansion of mass sub-literature which in our own day has reached frightening proportions, and which is a real threat to genuine culture. It is this threat which forms the subject of Pope's great mock epic, *The Dunciad*, culminating in the powerful concluding passage in which the return of Chaos is prophesied. The vision here presented is dark indeed. As an analysis of the actual situation of eighteenth-century England it is a piece of rhetorical over-statement. But as a prophecy we may see it as having been largely fulfilled in our own time. As a poet, then, Pope is, I suggest, more than the mere spokesman of his age. That latter rôle he did, however, perform brilliantly, and at the time of his death was generally admitted to have done so. Very soon, however, signs of a reaction started to appear. This emerged with Joseph Warton's *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope* (1756).

Even Dr. Johnson in his magnificently balanced judgement in his *Life of Pope* (written, as Boswell tells us, *con amore*) is not so much delivering an accepted orthodoxy, as championing a cause already a little damaged. As the shift towards Romantic sensibility continued, the greatest of the Romantic critics such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt and De Quincey, were inclined to give Pope a place, albeit a high place, only in the second rank of poetry. He was held to be 'artificial' rather than 'natural'. The outstanding exception in this generation is Byron, himself a major satirist, with his whole-hearted and enthusiastic championship of 'the little Queen Anne master'. In a letter to Murray, Byron wrote: 'because his truths are so clear, it is asserted that he has no invention; and because he is always intelligible, it is taken for granted that he is the "Poet of Reason", as if this was a reason for his being no poet. Taking passage for passage, I will undertake to cite more lines teeming with imagination from Pope than from any two living poets, be they who they may.' In another letter he summed up his estimate of Pope as follows: 'Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves and deny God, in running down Pope, the most faultless of Poets, and almost of men. . . . He is the moral poet of all civilization; and as such let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of all mankind.' It is true that Byron was partly using Pope as a stick to beat those poets among his contemporaries (especially Wordsworth) of whom he disapproved. But his rating of Pope is not such an extravagant overstatement as may at first sight appear. If Byron was largely blind to the profound insights which constitute the greatness of Wordsworth's poetry, he was right in maintaining that the concepts of great poetry and of reason were not mutually exclusive. More of a European than most of his English contemporaries, he senses in Pope those qualities which stand for the movement of humanistic enlightenment. This at best, made in the eighteenth century for a common culture, transcending national frontiers, and extending from Philadelphia and Dublin to Stockholm and St. Petersburg, if centred primarily on London and Paris.

Matthew Arnold's really rather offhand judgement, already referred to, set a new and unfortunate tone for Pope-criticism in the later nineteenth century, from which the twentieth was slow to emancipate itself. The studies of Lytton Strachey and Dame Edith Sitwell, written during the period of reaction against Victorianism which followed the First World War, read to-day somewhat like the efforts of literary dandies, self-consciously embracing an unpopular position. More substantial work, however, was to be done by such critics and scholars as Professor Bonamy Dobrée, Professor Geoffrey Tillotson, Mr. Norman Ault and Professor John Butt. To these we may add the highly individual, but imaginative and stimulating interpretation of Mr. G. Wilson Knight. The fresh and much more balanced and informed appreciation of Pope that has thus grown up, is typified by the magnificent Twickenham Edition of his writings to whose extremely full notes I must acknowledge my indebtedness. It is an edition fully worthy of a great poet.

For Pope's reputation to-day once more stands high—probably higher than it has for two centuries. Although the values of the twentieth century are very different from those of the eighteenth, we nevertheless need to make less of a historical adjustment of attitude than did our grandparents to appreciate his poetry. We have seen the harm which, carried to extremes, Romantic emotional self-indulgence can bring out, and are the more disposed to accept writing which, though passion is not banished from it, nevertheless remains cool, detached and ironic—yet at the same time morally committed. Furthermore, as we have already remarked, Pope's strenuous opposition in his maturer work to the corruption of standards brought about by the commercialization of literature remains of immense contemporary urgency. Pope is a poet who can be read and re-read with increasing pleasure. At first one is probably most taken with the brilliance of his wit and the immense technical skill of his versification. But as one gets to know his poetry better, and as one's own experience of life increases, one is more and more struck by the truth and accuracy—often the daring

accuracy—of his insights into human nature and society. 'The proper study of mankind,' he wrote, 'is Man.' Of the study of Man, as a social being, his own poetry remains a magnificent exemplar. It is complemented, not abrogated, by the additional study which the great Romantics were to make of Man as the eternal solitary.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

The Poems of Alexander Pope (The Twickenham Edition, General Editor John Butt, Six Volumes, 1940-60; One volume edition, 1963).

Samuel Johnson, 'Life of Pope' in *Lives of the Poets*, edited by G. Birkbeck Hill (Oxford, 1905).

Leslie Stephen, *Pope* (English Men of Letters Series, 1880).

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1

2

Extract from
The Fourth Pastoral

Daphne is Dead

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

'Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more!'

'T is done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day! 30
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avails the beauties nature wore?

Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood.
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own; 40
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store;
Fair Daphne 's dead, and sweetness is no more!

50

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmur shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more!

60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

70

Extract from

Windsor Forest

Rural Sports

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds; 100
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo).
 With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed. 140
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye.
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
 And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
 Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound. 150
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,

And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Extracts from

An Essay on Criticism

Nature and the Rules

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse, 80
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'T is more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discovered, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.

Judging by the Whole and not by Parts

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,
Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with Wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep,
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'T is not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit,
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

260

True Ease in Writing

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an Echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, 370
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprize,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

The Rape of the Lock

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
 Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART. [*Epigr.* XII. 84.]

TO MRS ARABELLA FERMOR

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 't is so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am with the truest esteem, MADAM,

Your most obedient, Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

Canto I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
 A well bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
 Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?
 Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
 'T was He had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.
 'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
 Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,

The light Militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once enclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first Elements their Souls retire:
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.
 'Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?

'T is, but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

'Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face
For life predestin'd to the Gnomes' embrace.

80

These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
'T is these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

90

'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

100

This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:

110

Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.

'T was then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

130

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.

Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,

140

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty 's prais'd for labours not her own.

Canto II

NOR with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those: 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, nearly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves; 40
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold; 60
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,

Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

70

'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.

Some in the fields of purest Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.

80

Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.

90

'Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

‘This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e’er deserv’d a watchful spirit’s care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
Forget her pray’rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav’n has doom’d that Shock must fall. 110

Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt’ring fan be Zephyretta’s care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav’rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
‘To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th’ important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho’ stiff with hoops, and arm’d with ribs of whale; 120
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

‘Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins;
Or plung’d in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg’d whole ages in a bodkin’s eye:
Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
Or Alum styptics with contracting pow’r
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell’d flow’r:
Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel

The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

140

Canto III

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

10

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,

20

And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many -colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride: 70
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarch's, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
 On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
 He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100
 Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
 For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining Altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide: 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
 Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
 In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie! 160
 'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine

(The victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air
 Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
 What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
 The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

Canto IV

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her manteau 's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 180
 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,

As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

30

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

30

There Affection, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

40

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.

Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r: 'Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60

On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumped petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,

Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!' reply'd)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?

For this your locks in paper durance bound, 100
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110

How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;

Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!' 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My Lord, why, what the devil?
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 't is past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
Give her the hair'—he spoke, and rapp'd his box. 130

'It grieves me much' (reply'd the Peer again)
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contented honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.
'For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav-rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd

In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
 Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'T was this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott-ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

160

170

Canto V

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
 'Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows;
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
 "Behold the first in virtue as in face!"
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
 So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
 "To arms, to arms!" the fierce Virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack; 40
 Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,

And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound: 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song. 60
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:

Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
 'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandsire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
 'Boast not my fall' (he cry'd) 'insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'
 'Restore the Lock!' she cries; and all around
 'Restore the Lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,

So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Heros' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux', in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

120

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)

A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

130

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When after millions slain, yourself shall die:

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

150

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'T is she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's, or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

20

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way) 40
'Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.'
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier. 50
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,

Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 That once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
 Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou be lov'd no more!

Eloisa to Abelard

ARGUMENT

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished Persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated

the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her Tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. [Pope.]

IN THESE deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name; 60
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempt'ing ev'ry ray,

Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 't was no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

70

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I 'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

80

90

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls: the desert smil'd,

And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requested heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'T is all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain:
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 't is no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'T is sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine,
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget. 200
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 't is fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,

Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing, 220
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night;
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
 Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240
 Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
 Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
 And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves. 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
 The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,

Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality! 300
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
 'Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 'Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
 'But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 'Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear;
 'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow; 320
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see!

It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
 What dust we dote on, when 't is man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round, 340
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,

And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 'Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!'
 From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.
 And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

Extracts from

An Essay on Man

Hope humbly then . . .

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind: 100
His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire; 110
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man 's unhappy, God 's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,

Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

130

The Great Chain of Being

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

240

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

250

Man's Middle State

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool! 30

Epistle to a Lady

Of the Characters of Women

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
'Most Women have no Characters at all.'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan. 10
Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Choose a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Masque:
So morning Insects that if muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The Frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend: 30
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—'How charming is a Park!'
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—'Oh odious, odious Trees!' 40

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show;
'T is to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take,
'T was thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 't is by that alone she can be borne? 60
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,

Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk; 70
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
The Nose of Hautgoût, and the Tip of Taste, 80
Critic'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to Pray;
To Toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, 'while we live, to live.' 90
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with Pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:

You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Because she 's honest, and the best of Friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, 'Ah! how charming, if there 's no such place!
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd except her Rage.
So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;

There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.

210

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to loose the first.

Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:

220

In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

230

Pleasures the sex, as Children Birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:

As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable Night; 240
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour died.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart be thine! 250
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; 260
She, who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille:
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still. 270
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,

Your love of Pleasure, or desire of Rest:
 Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
 Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
 Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces—You. 280

Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
 This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;
 And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
 That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines, 290
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

Extract from

Epistle to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington

Timon's Villa

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away!' 100
 So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a Town,
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground; 110
 Two Cupids squirt before; a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees; 120
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;
 Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Un-watered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
 But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat; 130
 And when up ten steep slopes you 've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he 'll bless your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
 To all their dated Backs he turns you round:
 These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
 Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look,

These shelves admit not any modern book.

140

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

150

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 't is a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

160

Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity supplies.

170

Another age shall see the golden Ear
Embrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,

Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'T is Use alone that sanctifies Expense,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.

180

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 't is past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shade can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at Dinner-time.

10

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,

20

Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.

30

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

40

'Nine years!' cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission, what you 'd have it, make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace,
I want a Patron; ask him for a Place.'

50

"Pitholeon libell'd me,"—"but here 's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 't was when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He 'll write a *Journal*, or he 'll turn *Divine*.'

Bless me! a packet.—'T is a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the Stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole Commission ends,
 The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends, 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, ' 'Sdeath I 'll print it,
 And shame the fools—Your Int'rest, Sir, with Lintot!
 "Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:"
 'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
 All my demurs but double his Attacks;
 At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
 Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
 'T is sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king) 70
 His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick;
 'T is nothing— P. Nothing? If they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he 's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
 You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit, Box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature 's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colley still his Lord, and whore?
 His Butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
 Still Sappho— A. Hold! for God's sake—you 'll offend,
 No Names!—be calm!—learn prudence of a friend!
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these— P. One Flatt'rer 's worse than all.
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 't is ten times worse when they *repent*.

100

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe.'

110

There are, who to my person pay their court:
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid's* nose, and 'Sir! you have an Eye'—
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 'Just so immortal *Maro* held his head.'
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

120

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise;
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read; 140
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cookes*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence,
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;—
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd,—I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,

From slashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells
Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespeare's* name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

170

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 't is not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

180

190

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *ARTICUS* were he?

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight: 220
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,

Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head,)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment fisk'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
 But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
 May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! 250
 So, when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
 Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Blest be the *Great*! for those they take away,
 And those they left me; for they left me GAY;
 Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn. 260

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
 (To live and die is all I have to do:)
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please;
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;

Can sleep without a Poem in my head;
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with *Swift*'—"Indeed? no doubt,
(Cries prating *Balbus*) "something will come out."
'T is all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin steal a tear.
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290

That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Canons* what was never there; 300
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,

But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble— A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with wilded wings,

This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

310

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,

320

In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

His wit all see-saw, between *that* and *this*,

Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,

And he himself one vile Antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part.

The trifling head or the corrupted heart,

Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,

Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,

330

A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,

Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,

Not proud, or servile;—be one Poet's praise,

That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:

That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,

And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear:
 Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past;
 For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the *last!*
 A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360
 P. A knave 's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
 A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
 This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moore*.

Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's lie*.
 To please a Mistress one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two *Curlls* of Town and Court, abuse
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

380

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P. Their own, 390
 And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
 Nor Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
 Me, let the tender office long engage,

400

To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410
 Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

Extracts from

The Dunciad

The Abode of Dullness (Book I)

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30
 Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
 One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
 Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
 Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
 Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
 Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
 Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post: 40
 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
 Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES;

Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake: 50
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry, 60
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new mæanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace:
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; 70
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs,
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,

And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

80

A Mud-diving Contest (Book II)

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboгуing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.'

270

280

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;
Then, sighing, thus, 'And am I now three-score?
Ah why, ye Gods, should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

290

Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er

The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more,
All look all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
'Smedley' in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.

True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep; 300
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those. 310
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupefy'd to stone!
And Monumental brass this record bears,
'These are,—ah no! these were, the Gazetteers!'

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance. 320
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;

Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares. 330

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravished long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams, 340
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. 350
'Receive' (he said) 'these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'

He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God or Man.

Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street; 360
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,

In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.

The Dunciad

Book IV

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil, the deep Intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd;
('T is thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Git* dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;

His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are borne,
 And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
 Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
 Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
 Now running round the Circle finds it square.
 But held in ten-fold bonds the *Muses* lie,
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
 There to her heart sad Tragedy address
 The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
 But sober History restrain'd her rage,
 And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age. 40
 There sunk *Thalia*, nerveless, cold, and dead,
 Had not her Sister *Satire* held her head:
 Nor could'st thou, *CHESTERFIELD*! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand; 50
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint *Recitativo* spoke.

'O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:
 Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
 One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
 Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,

And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore*. 60
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
 Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
 But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
 If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense.
 Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—'
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. 70

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown.
 And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne.
 The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of Head;
 None want a place, for all their Centre found,
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen. 80

The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng,
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
 Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
 Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
 Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
 A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits. 90

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
 Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
 Or, impious, preach his word without a call.

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite.

100

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye

110

Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—'Thus revive the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)

120

A new Edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,

On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'

130

Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present their first Address.

Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.

When lo! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.

140

O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus. 'Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.

150

When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.

160

Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very Poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost!
Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.'

170

'Oh' (cry'd the Goddess) 'for some pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'T is in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

180

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, may Cam and Isis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."

Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

190

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmur fall

To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall, 200
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
 His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
 Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
 Low bow'd the rest: He, kingly, did but nod;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
 'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown? 210
 Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it Prose again
 Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
 Author of something yet more great than Letter;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.
 'T is true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 220
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
 In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 230
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.
 The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:

How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Plea*.

'Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.

240

Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity, without a *Nous*.

Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.

See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:

250

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

'What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none;
He may indeed (if sober all this time)

Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.

260

We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:

Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,

And hew the Block off and get out the Man. 270

But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.
Walker! our hat'— nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.

The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen. 280

When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
'Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.

The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past: 290

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.

Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.

There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls: 300

To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:

To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 310
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal Sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
 Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
 Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more; 320
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
 And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
 See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head;
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
 As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough choose him not, undone;
 See, to my country happy I restore
 This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more 330
 Here too receive (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,
 Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.
 Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame
 Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.
 Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
 Of ever-listless Loit'ners, that attend

No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

'Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.'

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:

"Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From Foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."

380

'Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,'
(Reply'd soft Annius) 'this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.'

390

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd.
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.

400

The first thus open'd: 'Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head;
Then thron'd in glass, and named it CAROLINE;

Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine! 410
 Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
 Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
 No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
 And lo the wretch! whose bile, whose insect lust
 Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
 Oh punish him, or to the Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades!
 He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen. 420
 'Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
 I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
 The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
 It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
 It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd, 't was on what plant it pleas'd,
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd: 430
 Rose or Carnation was below my care;
 I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
 Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.
 'My sons!' (she answer'd) 'both have done your parts:
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts!
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. 440
 The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
 Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
 A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
 And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a-clock.

Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss;
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

450

'O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the Whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!'

'Be that my task' (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
'Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God;
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can;
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,

460

470

See all in *Self*, and but for self be born: 480
 Of naught so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of naught so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*,
 Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
 Wrapt up in *Self*, a God without a Thought,
 Regardless of our merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,
 While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
 Or wanders wild in Academic Groves; 490
 That NATURE our Society adores,
 Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.'

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bousy Sire,
 And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
 Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
 Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
 Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
 Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*:
 Then thus: 'From Priest-craft happily set free,
 Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee: 500
 First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
 Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
 Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
 All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk! 510
 So K * so B * * sneak'd into the grave,
 A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
 Poor W * * nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.'

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies.

520

A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

530

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others' Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

540

Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C **, H **, P **, R **, K *,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in amice white

Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 550
 Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
 And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
 The board with specious miracles he loads,
 Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
 Another (for in all what one can shine?)
 Explains the *Sève* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.
 What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Truffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
 With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
 Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain. 560
 KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
 To three essential Partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
 Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
 The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
 Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F.R.S. 570
 Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
 Then, blessing all, 'Go, Children of my care!
 To Practice now from Theory repair. 580
 All my commands are easy, short, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace;
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race;
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; 590
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
 The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pie;
 The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Proud to my list to add one Monarch more! 600
 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
 Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,
 Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
 And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!'

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?
 Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd;
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 610
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round:
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
 And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
 O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,

Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none), 620
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
 Whose Heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
 'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
 O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
 Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
 She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
 Of *Night* primæval and of *Chaos* old! 630
 Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
 Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
 Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night. 640
 See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
 In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires. 650
 For *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
 Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
 Lo! thy dread Empire, *CHAOS*! is restor'd;

Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall
And universal Darkness buries All.

Ode on Solitude

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. 20

Of her Walking in a Garden after a Shower

Imitation of Waller

SEE how the sun in dusky skies
Veils his fair glories, while he spies
Th' unclouded lustre of her eyes!

Her bashful beauties once descry'd,
The vanquish'd roses lose their pride,
And in their buds their blushes hide.

Myrtles have lost their balmy smell,
And drooping lillies seem to tell
How much her sweets their own excel.

See! She retires: Nor can we say 10
If light breaks out or goes away,
For *Sol's* is now the only ray.

Lo how their heads the lillies rear,
And with fresh sweets perfume the air,
When their bright rival is not there.

Again grown proud, the spreading rose
Its bloomy beauties does disclose,
And to the skies its incense throws.

Her glorious charms eclipse the day;
Nature itself is only gay, 20
When *Serenissa* is away.

Like, yet unlike these flow'rs am I;
I languish when her charms draw nigh,
But if she disappears, I dye.

Presenting a Lark

Imitation of Cowley

Go tuneful bird, forbear to soar,
And the bright sun admire no more;
Go bask in *Serenissa's* eyes,
And turn a bird of paradise.

In those fair beams thy wings display,
Take shorter journies to the day,
And at an humbler pitch prefer
Thy musick to an angel's ear.

Nor, tho' her slave, thy lot deplore;
The god of love himself's no more:
Ev'n him to constancy she brings,
And clips, like thine, his wav'ring wings.

10

She gains from us, as now from thee,
Our songs by our captivity;
But happier you attention gain,
While wretched lovers sing in vain.

On Silence

SILENCE! Coœval with Eternity;
Thou wert e'er Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, All, and All slept fast in thee.
Thine was the Sway, e'er Heav'n was form'd or Earth,

E'er fruitful *Thought* conceiv'd Creation's Birth,
 Or Midwife *Word* gave Aid, and spoke the Infant forth.
 Then various Elements against thee join'd,
 In one more various Animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous Race of busie Human-kind.
 The tongue mov'd gently first, and Speech was low, 10
 'Till wrangling *Science* taught it Noise and Show,
 And wicked *Wit* arose, thy most abusive Foe.
 But Rebel *Wit* deserts thee oft in vain;
 Lost in the Maze of Words, he turns again,
 And seeks a surer State, and courts thy gentle Reign.
 Afflicted *Sense* thou kindly dost set free,
 Oppress'd with Argumental Tyranny,
 And routed *Reason* finds a safe Retreat in thee.
 With thee in private modest *Dulness* lies,
 And in thy Bosom lurks in *Thought's* Disguise; 20
 Thou Varnisher of *Fools*, and Cheat of all the *Wise*.
 Yet thy Indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the Breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that *Wisdom* seeks for Rest.
Silence, the Knave's Repute, the Whore's good Name,
 The only Honour of the wishing Dame;
 Thy very want of Tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.
 But could'st thou seize some Tongues that now are free,
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee!
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be! 30
 Yet *Speech*, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From *Rights* of *Subjects*, and the *Poor Man's Cause*;
 Then pompous *Silence* reigns, and stills the noisie Laws.
 Past Services of Friends, good Deeds of Foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful World, and in thy Arms repose.
 The Country Wit, Religion of the Town,
 The Courtier's Learning, Policy o' th' Gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

The Parson's Cant, the Lawyer's Sophistry,
Lord's Quibble, Critick's Jest; all end in thee,
All rest in Peace at last, and sleep eternally.

40

On a Fan

Imitation of Waller

COME, gentle Air! th' *Æolian* Shepherd said,
While *Procris* panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

10

The Garden

Imitation of Cowley

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening *Roses* breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft *Carnations* show'r their balmy dews;
Where *Lillies* smile in virgin robes of white,

The thin Undress of superficial Light,
 And vary'd *Tulips* show so dazzling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flouret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale *Narcissus* on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees Cathedral walks compose,
 And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here *Orange*-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store, 20
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By *Laurels* shielded from the piercing Day:
 Where *Daphne*, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from *Apollo* vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
 The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
 At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
 Where *Summer's* beauty midst of *Winter* stays,
 And *Winter's* Coolness spite of *Summer's* rays. 30

The Dying Christian to his Soul

I

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

10

III

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sound seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

Epistle

To Miss Blount, on her leaving the Town, after the Coronation

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholsom country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that They stay'd, but that She went. 10

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,
She went from Op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To pass her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No works!
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;

Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 40

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights;
While the spread Fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls. 50

So when your slave, at some dear, idle time,
(Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you:
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sow'r, and hum a tune—as you may now. 60

The Universal Prayer

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill; 10
And blinding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay; 30
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

40

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's Incense rise!

50

Lines Written in Windsor Forest

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade!

Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours!

Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd.

And gently press'd my hand, and said 'Be ours!—

Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:

At Court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain:

Stock thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,

And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.'

COMMENTARY AND NOTES

17. *Extract from THE FOURTH PASTORAL*

Pope's *Pastorals* first appeared in 1709. According to Pope's own account they were originally written when he was sixteen. Though they were revised later, there is no reason to doubt this. Pope prefixed to the poems a *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* in which he sets forth his ideas as to the nature of the form. 'If we would copy Nature,' he writes, 'it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been; when the best of men follow'd the employment.' We are not therefore to expect anything approaching realism in these poems, but an idealized picture of nature. This does, however, permit of several touches of genuine observation. I have given here the lament for Daphne from the Fourth Eclogue, *Winter*, which will stand by itself, almost as a lyric. Each of the pastorals represents one of the four seasons, and is dedicated to a different patron. *Winter* is dedicated to the poet and critic Walsh, who had early befriended and encouraged Pope. Daphne is a friend of Walsh, Miss Tempest, who died in 1703.

19. *Extract from WINDSOR FOREST*

First published in 1713. The first part of the poem was written earlier, probably about the same period as the *Pastorals*, and to this Pope later added the concluding section, celebrating the Peace of Utrecht, and prophesying England's future greatness through the peaceable expansion of trade. *Windsor Forest*, which celebrates the countryside in which Pope's adolescent years were spent, may be considered partly as a topographical poem in the line of descent from Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, partly as a poem more ambitiously modelled on Virgil's *Georgics*. Its descriptions of landscape recall the paintings of Claude and his school, and we remember that Pope was himself an amateur painter. His painterly eye is also evinced in the extract given here.

21. *Extracts from AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM*

First published 1711, this poem may be read as a young writer's attempt to formulate some of his leading ideas on literary questions. It is eclectic in tone, borrowing freely from earlier critics, especially the seventeenth-century French Neo-classicists, and attempting to reconcile varying points of view, often by way of paradox. This leads to apparent inconsistencies of argument,

and Pope is further hampered by the lack of a precise critical vocabulary in the modern sense, so that such leading terms as Nature and Wit tend to shift their meaning disconcertingly. But read with a realization of these factors, the poem yields much of permanent value, expressed with a brilliant concision. Of the extracts given here, the first two are central to an understanding of Pope's point of view. The third is also a technical *tour de force* in which Pope illustrates in the lines themselves the effects of versification he is discussing.

l.374. *Timotheus*: the celebrated musician and poet of antiquity, whose power over the passions is the subject of Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*.

l.376. *Son of Libyan Jove*: Alexander the Great, who claimed that his real father was the god Jupiter Ammon, whose famous oracle was situated on an oasis in the Libyan desert.

24. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

The Rape of the Lock was first published in Lintot's Miscellany in 1712, in two Cantos. The enlarged version in five Cantos (the additions including the entire machinery of the sylphs) was published in 1714. The occasion of the poem was an incident in the circle of Pope's Roman Catholic friends. Robert Lord Petrie (the Baron) had cut off a lock of Miss Arabella Fermor's (Belinda) hair. This gave rise to a good deal of bad blood between their respective families, and John Caryll, a friend of both as well as of Pope, suggested that the latter should assist in effecting a reconciliation by writing a poem in which the whole affair was made light of. The result is a masterpiece of rococo fantasy and light raillery. It is very absurd (yet it has been done) to read the mature satirist and moralist of the later poems into this, after all, very youthful, though magnificently accomplished piece. One must remember that at the time of its composition Pope was still on fairly close terms of friendship with Addison and his circle. The tone of the poem is not far from that of some of the *Spectator* papers. Its moral is 'Keep good humour'; and it is also imbued with a profoundly poetical sense of the beauty as well as of the transience of the admittedly artificial world which it celebrates.

CANTO I. l.56. *Ombre*: a card game now obsolete; in Pope's time a particularly fashionable game among ladies.

l.115. *Shock*: Belinda's lap-dog.

CANTO III. l.33. *Matadore*: Any of the three best trumps at Ombre.

l.49. *Spadillio*: The ace of spades, the first trump at Ombre.

l.51. *Manillio*: The deuce of trumps, when trumps are black.

l.53. *Basto*: The ace of clubs.

l.61. *Pam*: the knave of clubs, the highest card at Five-card Loo.

l.62. *Lu*: the game of Loo, another old card game related to whist.

l.92. *Codille*: a term used at Ombre when the game is lost by the challenger.

l.165. *Atalantis*: *The New Atalantis*, a scandalous *roman à clef* published in 1709 by Mrs. Manley (1663-1724).

CANTO IV. l.156. *Bohea*: black China tea.

CANTO V. l.125. *Rome's great founder*: Romulus was said to have ascended alive to heaven where he became a god.

l.129. *Berenice's lock*: Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, King of Egypt, cut off her hair and dedicated it to Venus as an offering for her husband's safe return from the wars. When he came back the hair was missing, and was said to have been transported to heaven where it became the constellation *Coma Berenices*.

l.136. *Rosamonde's lake*: a pond in St. James' Park. It was said to be a fashionable location for despairing lovers' suicides.

l.137. *Partridge*: John Partridge, the astrologer and almanac maker satirized by Swift in the Bickerstaff Papers.

49. ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

First printed in Pope's *Works* in 1717. Various attempts have been made in Pope's own day and since to identify the Lady with one whose story was actually known to Pope, but it would seem that the poem is mainly fictitious in character. The *Elegy* is to be read as, like *Eloisa to Abelard*, an exercise in 'pre-Romantic' sensibility. Professor Geoffrey Tillotson relates the poem to the 'she-tragedies' of Nicholas Rowe. We might also compare it with Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*.

l.20. *lamps in sepulchres*: it was said that ancient tombs sometimes contained perpetually burning lamps, which were found to be still alight when the tomb was opened even after many centuries.

51. ELOISA TO ABELARD

First published in 1717, *Eloisa to Abelard* is based on John Hughes' translation (1713) of various recent French versions and adaptations of the original Latin letters attributed to Eloisa. The historical events from which these arose belong to the beginnings of the twelfth century. Peter Abelard (1079-1142), the great medieval scholastic philosopher, was tutor to Eloisa (or Heloise), the niece of Fulbert, a Canon of Notre Dame, in whose house he lodged. They became lovers, and Fulbert, his jealousy aroused, caused them to be separated, and Abelard to be emasculated. This tragic story is treated by Pope in the form of a heroic epistle, on the model of Ovid's *Heroides*. He had already translated the Ovidian *Sappho to Phaon*.

Once one has come to accept the conventions of Augustan diction, *Eloisa to Abelard* emerges as a poem of genuine and passionate feeling. Not only in its elaboration of sensibility, but also in its 'Gothic' imagery, it points the way to much later development in eighteenth-century and even Romantic poetry. Pope's Roman Catholic background must also be taken into account in considering his handling of this medieval theme. I believe that the poem

should be read in the context of Jansenist theology, as illustrating, like some of Racine's tragedies, the conflict of Nature and Grace, with Nature winning all along the line.

l.348. *Paraclet's white walls*: Eloïsa was abbess of the convent of the Paraclete which Abelard had founded for her.

62. *Extracts from AN ESSAY ON MAN*

First published in full in 1734. The *Essay on Man* was originally intended as the first part of a much longer and more ambitious work, which was never completed, but is partly represented by the *Moral Essays*, which in editions of Pope's works up to 1736 formed the second book of the *Ethick Epistles*, of which the *Essay on Man* was treated as the first Book. The title of the poem as it stands is therefore slightly misleading. For it treats of Man only in general terms in his relation to Nature, while the rest of the work was to consider him more particularly in relation to economics, ethics, aesthetics, education and government. The *Essay on Man* is generally held to derive its main arguments from Lord Bolingbroke, to whom, as 'guide, philosopher and friend' it is dedicated. Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke (1678-1751), the Tory statesman, had returned from exile in France (whence he had fled on the accession of George I) in 1723, and had joined the opposition to Walpole's Government. As a man of letters he was closely associated with both Pope and Swift. His philosophy was deistic; but it does not appear that Pope intended his poem to run counter to orthodoxy. Much of it—especially the image of the Great Chain of Being—belongs to the central tradition of Mediaeval and Renaissance Christian thinking, and the influence of Pascal and Fénelon is also apparent in several passages.

As a poem, the *Essay on Man* is eminently readable, and has proved almost too eminently quotable. But it has been severely criticized for the weakness of its philosophical arguments and by none more severely than by Dr. Johnson, otherwise one of Pope's greatest admirers. It is true that the Christian Stoicism of the author of *Rasselas* comprehends a tragic vision which comes nearer to the heart of the human condition than do the naturalistic religious arguments of the *Essay*; but the latter has its own brilliance, informed as it is by a dual sense of the unity and harmony of Nature and the folly and littleness of human pride. The second and third of the extracts given here illustrate this. The first is included both for its intrinsic charm and for its characteristic expression of an optimistic scepticism.

l.99. *The poor Indian*: Pope's Indian is, of course, an American Indian, living in a state of primitive innocence.

l.107. *Where slaves once more their native land behold*: it was said that the slaves on the West Indian plantations believed that after their deaths their spirits would travel under sea to their native countries.

66. EPISTLE TO A LADY

This poem was first published in 1734. In Pope's *Collected Works* of 1735 it became the second of the *Ethick Epistles* Book II. The lady was Martha Blount (1690-1763). With her sister Teresa, she first met Pope about 1705, and she became his intimate and lifelong friend.

This poem forms a complement (suggested, it is said, by Martha Blount herself) to that immediately preceding it in the *Ethick Epistles*, 'On the Characters of Men'. In that poem Pope had treated of man psychologically in terms of the Ruling Passion. He finds it necessary to modify this theory in relation to women, whose characters he holds to be less positive than those of men. This will hardly satisfy many modern readers. But it seemed worth while to include the poem in its entirety. It furnishes a gallery of Popean satirical portraits, while the charm and gallantry of the concluding compliment to Martha Blount is equally characteristic.

l.7. *Arcadia's Countess*: Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia* for his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke; Pope's contemporary, the wife of the eighth Earl, is said to have had herself depicted in the attitudes mentioned here.

l.24. *Sappho*: here, as in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, Pope uses this name for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689-1782). This prominent woman of letters was at one time on terms of close friendship with Pope, but he subsequently quarrelled bitterly with her. Her dirty personal habits were notorious.

l.63. *Taylor*: Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667). Bishop of Down, author of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, still a devotional classic.

l.63. *Book of Martyrs*: Fox's great work, dealing largely with the sufferings of the Protestant martyrs under Queen Mary Tudor, remained standard popular religious reading till at least the end of the nineteenth century.

l.64. *His Grace*: Philip, Duke of Wharton (1698-1731), a Whig politician, who subsequently espoused the cause of the Old Pretender. Pope attacked him for his inconsistency in the *Epistle to Lord Cobham*.

l.64. *Chartres*: Francis Chartres (d. 1731), notorious for his vices and his avarice; he is said to have been on good terms with the Duke of Wharton.

l.78. *Tall Boy*: a foolish young man; a character in Richard Brome's comedy *The Jovial Crew* (1641).

l.78. *Charles*: a common name for a footman.

l.107. *Her Grace*: according to Wharton, Mary Churchill, Duchess of Montagu (1689-1751). But no precise identification can be proved.

l.110. *Ratafie*: Ratafia, a kind of cherry, peach or apricot stone brandy.

l.115. *Atossa*: Pope's contemporaries generally took this character to be Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough and former favourite of Queen Anne. It seems almost certain, however, that Pope had Katherine Darnley, Duchess of Buckinghamshire (1682-1743), in mind. Mr. F. W. Bateson, the editor of *Epistles to Several Persons* in the Twickenham Edition of Pope's

works, argues for this view, though he thinks it possible that Pope incorporated material from an earlier character sketch of the Duchess of Marlborough. Pope had been on friendly terms with the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, but they had quarrelled; after her death Pope was further angered by her will in which she left her private papers (including letters from Pope) to his enemy Lord Hervey.

l.157. *Chloe*: eighteenth-century gossip took this for a portrait of the Countess of Suffolk (1681-1767), mistress of George II. Mr. Bateson doubts this, since she was a close friend of Martha Blount, and is affectionately referred to by Pope himself in his letters.

l.182. *A Queen*: Queen Caroline (1683-1737), consort of George II. She was disliked by Pope and his Tory circle for her support of Sir Robert Walpole.

l.193. *Queensberry*: Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry (1700-1777), Gay's patroness, and one of the most beautiful women of her time.

l.198. *Mah'met*: or Mahomet, a Turkish servant of the King.

l.198. *Parson Hale*: Dr. Stephen Hale (1677-1767), perpetual curate of Teddington and a friend of Pope.

l.266. *Tickets*: lottery tickets.

l.266. *Codille*: see the notes to *The Rape of the Lock*.

ll.289-290. *The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines, And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines*: Phoebus, the god of poetical wit, is also the sungod. These lines refer to the ancient belief that the gold within the earth was produced by the action of the sun's rays.

74. *Extract from* EPISTLE TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON

The first edition of this poem, published in 1731, bears the title 'An Epistle to the Right Honourable Richard Earl of Burlington. Occasioned by his Publishing Palladio's Designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres, etc. of Ancient Rome.' But the half-title reads 'Of Taste, an Epistle to the Right Honourable Richard Earl of Burlington'. In Pope's *Collected Works* of 1735 it becomes the fourth of *Ethick Epistles* (Book II), and is subtitled 'Of the Use of Riches'. Its intention then is to consider Man from the point of view of both aesthetics and economics. The famous description of Timon's Villa forms the concluding passage of the poem. Timon's Villa is at once a glaring example of false taste and of the misuse of riches. According to Pope's economic theory developed in this and the preceding Epistle 'To Lord Cobham', and contingent on the theory of universal harmony expounded in the *Essay on Man*, misuse of riches, exemplified alike by miserliness and extravagance, leads to their eventual dissipation, by the wastrel himself or by the miser's heirs, and they once more revert according to the law of Nature to their proper and productive use. The third Earl of Burlington (1695-1753) had studied architecture in Italy and championed classical Palladian taste in England against the rococo

and baroque. He reconstructed Burlington House in Piccadilly and built for himself a villa at Chiswick according to these principles.

l.99. *Timon's Villa*: Pope was widely supposed in his own day and subsequently to have intended an attack on the Duke of Chandos, and his country seat, Canons, near Edgware, in this passage. Pope himself denied this, claiming, probably with justification, that it was a composite picture. The story that Chandos had befriended Pope who thus ungratefully repaid him is without foundation.

l.136. *Aldus*: Aldus Manutius (Teobaldo or Aldo Manuzio, 1450-1515) founded the Aldine Press at Venice. It was celebrated for its typography and issued many notable editions of the classics. *Du Sueil*: the Abbé de Sueil was a celebrated Paris bookbinder, who flourished at this time.

l.146. *Verrio*: Antonio Verrio (1639-1707). Italian painter. He came to England at the invitation of Charles II and worked there till his death. Little of his work survives, but he was often criticized by contemporaries for his gaudy colouring and bad composition and draughtmanship. *Laguerre*: Louis Laguerre (1663-1721), a French painter who came to England in 1683 and worked with Verrio and others.

l.160. *Sancho's dread doctor*: in *Don Quixote*, Chapter XLVII, Sancho Panza, who has been tricked into believing himself Governor of the island of Barataria, is served a splendid banquet. But a physician with a magic wand spirits each dish away before he can taste it, arguing that it would be bad for his health.

l.173. *Bathurst*: the Earl of Bathurst (1685-1775) was, among other things, an enthusiastic landscape gardener. Pope addressed to him the third of his *Ethick Epistles* (Book II), 'On the Use of Riches'.

77. EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

First published in 1735. In Warburton's text of 1751 this poem is subtitled 'The Prologue to the Satires', and is given, as here, in dialogue form. It is doubtful, however, if this had Pope's authority. The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* is one of Pope's greatest achievements. It might be termed his *apologia*. Assuming the detached, Horatian *persona*, he retorts upon his enemies, and defends his own position as satirist and humanist moralist.

John Arbuthnot (1667-1735), a Scot, was physician-in-ordinary to Queen Anne as well as Pope's own medical attendant. With Swift, Pope and others, he was one of the founders of the Scriblerus Club. He was the author of *The History of John Bull* (1712) as well as of medical works.

l.1. *Good John*: John Serle, Pope's servant.

l.3. *The Dog-star rages*: the Dog-days, in late summer, when the Dog-star, Sirius, appears above the horizon, at which time dogs were supposed to be liable to madness.

- l.8. *My Grot*: Pope's celebrated grotto in the garden of his villa at Twickenham.
- l.23. *Arthur*: Arthur Moore, the father of James Moore Smythe.
- l.40. *Keep your piece nine years*: Horace, in his *Ars Poetica*, advised an aspiring poet to keep his work by him for nine years before venturing to publish it.
- l.41. *Drury Lane*: at this time this street was the haunt of prostitutes and riff-raff generally.
- l.43. *Term ends*: the publishing seasons coincided with the legal terms.
- l.53. *Curl*: Edmund Curll (or Curle) (1675-1747), one of Pope's chief enemies. An unscrupulous and often scandalous publisher. He had printed indecent poems under Pope's name, and the latter also accused him of bringing out a pirated edition of his letters.
- l.62. *Lintot*: Barnaby Bernard Lintot (1675-1736), a notable Augustan publisher. He printed many of Pope's own works.
- l.85. *Codruss*: the name of a poet ridiculed by Virgil and Juvenal.
- l.97. *Colly*: Colly Cibber. (See the Commentary on the extracts from *The Dunciad*.)
- l.98. *Henley*: John Henley (1692-1756). A minister who, having left the Church, set up as an independent preacher, delivering his Butcher's Lecture in Newport Market.
- l.98. *Moore*: James Moore-Smythe (1702-1734). He had attacked Pope in an *Epistle to Mr. Pope* and was in fact a Freemason.
- l.99. *Bavius*: a bad poet satirized by Horace.
- l.100. *Philips*: Ambrose Philips (1675-1749). This poet had long before earned the enmity of Pope through a quarrel as to the merits of their respective *Pastorals*. He accompanied Hugh Bolter, Bishop of Armagh, to Ireland as his secretary.
- l.101. *Sappho*: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See the notes to *An Epistle to a Lady*.
- l.111. *Grubstreet*: now Milton Street, Cripplegate. It was formerly the haunt of hack-writers of all kinds.
- l.117. *Ammon's great son*: Alexander the Great. See the notes to the Extracts from *An Essay on Criticism*.
- l.135. *Granville*: George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (1667-1735), poet and statesman. Pope dedicated *Windsor Forest* to him.
- l.136. *Walsh*: William Walsh (1663-1708), poet and critic, and an early friend of Pope.
- l.137. *Garth*: Sir Samuel Garth (1661-1719), poet and physician. Author of *The Dispensary*, one of the models for *The Rape of the Lock*.
- l.139. *Talbot*: Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury (1660-1710). Pope's versification of Donne's Satires was undertaken at his request.
- l.139. *Somers*: John, Baron Somers (1651-1716), Lord Chancellor. He had encouraged Pope in the writing of his *Pastorals*.

l.139. *Sheffield*: John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, and first Duke of Buckingham and Normanby (1648-1721). Poet and statesman. Pope published an edition of his *Poetical Works* in 1723.

l.140. *Rochester*: Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester (1662-1732). A member of the Scriblerus Club. Pope was a witness at his trial for treason in 1723, after which Atterbury was found guilty of corresponding with the Old Pretender and banished.

l.141. *St. John*: Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), the guide, philosopher and friend to whom Pope addressed the *Essay on Man*.

l.146. *Burnet*: Thomas Burnet (1694-1753). A friend of Addison, he had attacked Pope in the course of his quarrel with Addison over his translation of Homer.

l.146. *Oldmixon*: John Oldmixon (1673-1742). An author of scandalous histories who had offended Pope by some personal reflections on Swift and himself.

l.146. *Cooke*: Thomas Cooke (1703-1756), poet and translator. He had slighted Pope in his *Battle of the Poets* and other writings.

l.149. *Fanny's*: Fanny was one of Pope's names for Lord Hervey.

l.151. *Gildon*: Charles Gildon (1665-1724). He had attacked Pope in his *New Rehearsal* and his *Memoirs of Wycherley*.

l.153. *Dennis*: John Dennis (1657-1734). A line reflecting on his tragedy *Appius and Virginia* in Pope's *Essay on Criticism* had drawn a furious attack on the young poet from this irascible but not negligible critic. This produced an enmity on Pope's part which lasted for the rest of Dennis's life.

l.164. *Slashing Bentley . . . piddling Tibalds*: for Bentley and Theobald see the commentary and notes on the Extracts from *The Dunciad*.

l.190. *Tate*: Nahum Tate (1652-1715). Succeeded Shadwell as Poet Laureate. He is best remembered for the Psalm paraphrase he undertook in collaboration with Nicholas Brady. He is at best a mediocre poet.

l.193. *Peace to all such . . .*: this phrase leads us in to the famous 'Character of Atticus', Pope's deadly summing up of a perennial type of literary dictator and coterie leader—but in historical fact Joseph Addison. The history of Pope's relations with Addison is a complex one. At the time of the former's first entry on the London literary scene they seem to have been on fairly friendly terms. But Pope was increasingly offended by Addison's praise of Ambrose Philips' *Pastorals* at the expense of his own, and by his encouragement of Thomas Tickell's rival translation of the *Illiad*. He also believed a false report that Addison had further encouraged Gildon scurrilously to attack him. In 1716 Pope sent Addison the first version of the 'Character of Atticus', and according to Pope himself, 'Addison used him very civilly ever after'. The lines were incorporated in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* many years after Addison's death in 1719.

l.209. *Like Cato, give his little Senate laws*: In this couplet Pope cruelly adapts

one from his own complimentary Prologue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato*. This had contained the lines:

'While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?'

l.215. *What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls?*

l.216. *Or placed at posts, with Claps in capitals.*

Eighteenth-century bookseller-publishers displayed the title pages of their new books on posts in front of their shop doors. Lintot was particularly fond of red letter title pages—hence 'rubric'. Claps means posters, or bills to be pasted on walls.

l.222. *A birth-day song*: the annual odes provided by the Laureate on the King's birthday.

l.230. *Bufo*: Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax (1661–1715). A notable statesman, and a poet and patron of poets. Pope had refused his offer of a pension.

l.260. *My Verse*: Pope's epitaph on Gay in Westminster Abbey reads as follows:

'Of manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above Temptation, in a Low Estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours, not that there thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heros, or with Kings thy Dust.
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*'

l.260. *Queensb'ry*: The Duchess of Queensbury (for whom see also the notes to the *Epistle to a Lady*) was the friend and patroness of Gay.

l.276. *Balbus*: Viscount Dupplin, noted for 'his incessant small talk'.

l.280. *Sir Will*: Sir William Yonge (d. 1755), Whig politician. According to Lord Hervey 'his name was proverbially used to express everything pitiful, corrupt, and contemptible'.

l.280. *Bubo*: George Budd Doddington, Baron Melcombe (1691–1762), politician and literary patron. It is said that he put about the unfounded report that Timon (see extract from the *Epistle to Lord Burlington*) was intended for the Duke of Chandos. Hence the references to the Dean and silver bell and Canons, below. *Sporus*: this famous piece of invective is directed against John, Lord Hervey (1696–1754), Vice-Chamberlain and confidential adviser of Queen Caroline. His *Memoirs of the Reign of George II* show him to have

been highly intelligent, but he was affected and foppish in his manner, probably a homosexual. Before 1725 he had been on friendly terms with Pope. The enmity which afterwards ensued is linked to Pope's breach with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Hervey had collaborated with the latter in a scurrilous attack, *Verses addressed to the Imitator of Horace* (1733).

l.363. *Japhet*: Japhet Crook (1662–1734) pilloried and sentenced to life imprisonment for forgery in 1731.

l.375. *Wellsted*: Leonard Wellsted (1688–1747). In *Epistle to Mr. Pope*, written in collaboration with Moore-Smythe, he had accused Pope of libelling the Duke of Chandos as Timon, and furthermore stated that Pope had received a present of £500 from the latter.

l.378. *Budgell*: Eustace Budgell (1686–1737). A Cousin of Addison and contributor to the *Spectator*. He had attacked Pope in his periodical *The Bell*.

l.380. *The Two Curls*, i.e. Curl himself and Lord Hervey.

l.391. *Bestia*: Bestia is probably the Duke of Marlborough.

89. *Extracts from THE DUNCIAD, Books I and II*

The first three books of *The Dunciad* were published anonymously in 1728. In the earlier versions of the poem the hero was Lewis Theobald (1688–1744), a minor poet and dramatist, but better remembered for his *Shakespeare Restored* (1726) and his edition of Shakespeare of 1734. These were in fact a valuable contribution to the science of Shakespearean textual criticism, but the former contained some severe strictures on Pope's own edition of Shakespeare (1725). This prompted Pope to make Theobald king of the Dunces, but as in other cases, it is an over-simplification to see the poet as inspired merely by a desire for personal revenge. The issue between Pope and Theobald, as also that between Pope and Swift as against Bentley, was perhaps at bottom concerned with two different approaches to literature—on the one hand a humanistic and imaginative one, and on the other a mechanical and verbalistic attitude to the text, which however valuable its fruits have been, can easily degenerate into lifeless and soulless pedantry.

Pope acknowledged his authorship of the poem in 1735, and in 1742 published *The New Dunciad* forming the Fourth Book of the completed poem which appeared in 1743. In this version Pope made a major change by substituting Colley Cibber as hero instead of Theobald. Cibber (1671–1757) was a more than competent dramatist, and an engaging and good-natured personality, as his autobiography *An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*, a very readable account of the eighteenth-century stage, shows. He had offended Pope by caricaturing him on the stage in a revival of *The Rehearsal*. But the main cause of offence was his appointment as Poet Laureate in 1730. This really was an insult to poetry itself. Cibber could not even write tolerable verse, and his appointment was in fact due to his loyalty to the Whig cause. It was a flagrant example of the failure of the Hanoverian court to accord

adequate patronage to the arts, and its preference for ambitious and politically safe second-raters.

The Dunciad is significantly dedicated to Swift. Its themes are closely related to those of *The Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books* and the Third Book of *Gulliver's Travels*. Modelled on Dryden's *Macflecknoe*, but much more ambitious in scope, it is a mock heroic poem, or more properly, an anti-epic on the grand scale, whose theme is the breakdown of values through the debasement of language, the commercialization of the arts, and the abandonment of humanistic standards.

l.30. *Monroe*: James Monroe (1680–1752) was physician to Bedlam Hospital, the insane asylum 'where Folly holds her throne'.

l.32. *Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers*: Cibber's father, the sculptor Caius Cibber, had cast the two bronze figures of Melancholy and Raving Madness which stood above the gates of Bedlam Hospital.

l.40. *Curl's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post*: see the Notes to *The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

l.41. *Tyburn's elegiac lines*: this refers to the broadsheet verses, in the form of the criminal's confession and account of his misspent life, which were sold to the crowd at public executions.

l.57. *Jacob*: Jacob Tonson (1656–1736). One of the most notable of the Augustan publishers. He printed Dryden and some of Pope's own poems.

l.270. *Bridewell*: the house of correction for prostitutes and other female moral offenders.

l.271. *Fleet-ditch*: the ancient River Fleet, a tributary of the Thames, whose course followed that of Fleet Street, had in Pope's day become an open sewer.

l.275. '*Here strip, my children*': the Goddess of Dullness is speaking. This episode describes one of the series of heroic games which she organizes to celebrate Cibber's coronation as King of the Dunces. The mud-diving, of course, symbolizes the activities of sensational journalistic writers.

l.283. *Oldmixon*: see the notes to the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

l.284. *Milo-like*: Milo was a celebrated athlete of antiquity.

l.291. *Smedley*: Jonathan Smedley (1671–1721), Dean of Clogher, who also engaged in hack journalism for Walpole's government, and scurrilously attacked Pope and Swift in *Gulliveriana* and the *Metamorphosis*.

l.299. *Concanen*: Matthew Concanen, (1701–1749), Irish poet and journalist; he was associated with Theobald in the latter's attacks on Pope's Shakespeare.

l.302. *Blackmore*: Sir Richard Blackmore (d. 1729), Physician to Queen Anne, he produced several long and dull epic poems.

l.312. *Mother Osborne*: Thomas Osborne (d. 1756), bookseller and publisher. His impudence was notorious, and he was later to be knocked down for it by Dr. Johnson.

- l.314. *Gazetteer*: the sensational daily papers of the time.
 l.315. *Arnall*: Arnall or Arnold (? 1709–1736), a political journalist in Walpole's pay.
 l.349. *Milburne*: the Rev. Luke Milburne (1649–1736), poet and divine. He had attacked Dryden.
 l.358. *Heav'n's Swiss*: the Swiss formerly acted as mercenaries, fighting under any commander for pay.
 l.359. *Lud's fam'd gates*: Ludgate is said to have been named after King Lud, the legendary founder of London.

94. THE DUNCIAD, Book IV

First published as *The New Dunciad* in 1742, this became the Fourth Book of the complete *Dunciad* in the following year. The satire of the first three books is mainly directed against the commercial hack-writers and journalists of Grub Street. The Fourth Book is wider in scope, envisaging this corruption as now extending over the whole world of learning. Targets include the fashionable Italian Opera, the Universities and Public schools, and the *virtuosi* amateur scientists and collectors. The whole culminates in the deeply serious vision of the return of Chaos, which Pope is reported never to have recited without tears coming into his eyes. It is sometimes maintained that by thus widening the scope and altering the tone of his poem, Pope destroyed its unity. This does not seem to me to be the case. He is rather following up the deeper implications of the Grub-Street debasement of values for the culture of the nation at large. Perhaps none of Pope's poetry has greater topical significance for us to-day than this book.

- l.16. *Saturnian days of Lead and Gold*: according to mythology, the reign of Saturn, preceding that of Jupiter, coincided with the Golden Age. Lead was the metal assigned by alchemists to the planet Saturn. The age of the restored empire of Dullness is to be both leaden-heavy, and ironically golden, because of its venality.
 l.20. *Her Laureate son*: Cibber (see the introductory note to the Extracts from *The Dunciad*, Books I and II).
 l.28. *Chicane in Furs*, and *Casuistry in Lawn*: the ermine of the judges and the lawn of the bishops.
 l.31. *Mathesis*: mathematics.
 l.43. *Chesterfield*: Philip Dormer Stanhope, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), later famous for his *Letters to his Son*. In 1737 he had made a speech in the House of Lords opposing Walpole's Act for the licensing of stage plays.
 l.45. *A Harlot Form*: the Italian opera was at this time a highly fashionable entertainment, but resented by Pope among others as a foreign importation, and for its irrationality in sacrificing sense to sound and spectacle.

- l.54. *Division*: in music, the breaking up of each of a succession of long notes into a number of shorter ones.
- l.65. *Giant Handel*: Handel's Oratorios with their serious religious content are set against the Italian opera. Pope was probably the author of the book of Handel's first English oratorio, *Esther*. His praise of this great composer is noteworthy, since Handel was a protégé of George II, while Pope's friend, Frederick, Prince of Wales, supported his rival Buononcini.
- l.66. *Briareus*: In Greek mythology, one of the hundred-handed giants who came to the aid of Zeus in his struggle against the Titans. Pope compares Handel to Briareus because of the greater number of hands, or players, he introduced into his orchestra, but the image of the giant coming to the aid of Olympian order against the powers of Chaos adds further force.
- l.68. *Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's drums*: Handel reinforced his orchestra with drums and canon.
- l.70. *The Hibernian shore*: in 1737 Handel had become bankrupt and despairing of further success in London, removed to Dublin, where the *Messiah* was first performed in 1741.
- l.88. *Toupee or Gown*: i.e. the men of fashion in their curled periwigs as well as the scholars.
- l.103. *Narcissus praised with all a Parson's Power*: Lord Hervey (see the notes to the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*) had received the Dedication of Dr. Conyers Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. He was pale-faced and an epileptic.
- l.105. *Montalto*: Sir Thomas Hanmer (1677-1746), Speaker of the House of Commons and editor of Shakespeare. Noted for his pompous manners.
- l.110. *Benson*: William Benson (1682-1754), Whig politician. As Surveyor General he erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, and had a medal struck to commemorate this poet. He also had a bust erected to Arthur Johnson (1587-1641), the Scottish author of a Latin paraphrase of the Psalms, of which Benson printed many fine editions.
- l.116. *Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen*: the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford with the Heads of Houses.
- l.117. *Gold-Capt youths*: the Gentleman-Commoners of Oxford, who wore a gold tassel on their caps.
- l.151. *The Samian letter*: the letter Y, which Pythagoras, who was a native of Samos, used as an emblem of the divided paths of virtue and vice.
- l.167. *Wyndham*: Sir William Wyndham (1687-1740), Tory politician and ally of Bolingbroke.
- l.169. *Murray*: William Murray, Earl of Mansfield (1705-1783). A leading member of the Government under Newcastle's administration, he became Lord Chief Justice in 1758. He was noted for his oratory.
- l.170. *Pulteney*: William Pulteney, Earl of Bath (1684-1764). Politician. At one time a supporter of Walpole, after 1721 he joined the Opposition and contributed to Bolingbroke's journal *The Craftsman*.

l.174. *South*: Dr. Robert South (1634-1716), a famous preacher at the court of Charles II, declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem.

l.176. *Gentle James*: James I.

l.194. *Christchurch*: Christchurch was the college of Atterbury and others who opposed Bentley.

l.168. *Talbot*: Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury (1660-1718), politician and friend of Pope. He held several important offices under William and Mary and Queen Anne, but retired after the accession of George I.

l.198. *On German Crousaz and Dutch Burgersdyck*: Pope represents the portly College dons as riding on heavy German and Dutch horses named after the minor and reactionary philosophers they admire. Jean Pierre de Crousaz (1663-1748) was a Swiss philosopher who opposed Bayle and Leibnitz and also criticized the *Essay on Man*. Francis Burgersdyck (1590-1639) was Professor of Logic and Philosophy at Leyden.

l.201. *Bentley*: Richard Bentley (1662-1742), the great classical scholar and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. His essay on the Epistles of Phalaris, which he showed to be spurious, led to a famous quarrel with Swift, Atterbury and their circle, hinging on the relative merits of ancient and modern learning, which was the occasion of *The Battle of the Books*. As Master of Trinity he was extremely high-handed and perpetually at odds with the Fellows. Bentley's work on the texts of Greek and Latin authors is still held by scholars to be of the highest order, but his edition of Milton, into which he introduced many arbitrary emendations, was deservedly ridiculed.

l.206. *Walker*: Dr. Richard Walker (1679-1764), Vice-Master of Trinity and a friend of Bentley.

l.210. *Aristarchus*: the name here applied to Bentley is that of a grammarian of the second century B.C., noted for the strictness with which he edited the text of Homer.

l.218. *Digamma*: one of Bentley's greatest achievements was the restoration of the lost letter Digamma to the text of Homer.

l.223. *Freind*: Dr. Robert Freind (1667-1751), Headmaster of Westminster and one of Bentley's Christchurch opponents.

l.224. *Alsop*: Anthony Alsop (d. 1726), Latin scholar and poet, and co-laborator of Bentley.

l.237. *Kuster, Burman, Wasse*: Three scholars. Ludolph Kuster (1670-1716), a German, whom Bentley assisted; Peter Burman (1668-1741), a Dutchman, who published some of Bentley's work; and Joseph Wasse (1672-1738), of whom Bentley declared 'after I am dead, Wasse will be the most learned man in England'.

l.245. *Barrow*: Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), preacher, scholar and mathematician.

- l.246. *Atterbury*: Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. See the notes to the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.
- l.274. *Ajax Spectre*: this refers to an episode in *The Odyssey*, Book XI, where Ajax's spectre, when Odysseus encounters it in the underworld, strides silently away from the man who had been his enemy in life.
- l.289. *Thy kind cloud o'er cast*: in the *Aenid*, Book I, Venus conceals Aeneas with a cloud of invisibility while he enters Carthage.
- l.278. *Op'ning*: giving tongue.
- l.308. *The Lion of the Deeps*: the winged lion of St. Mark, emblem of Venice.
- l.364. *Nay, Mahomet, the pigeon at thine ear*: Pope in this passage is referring to the sale of forged antiques and coins. Annius, possibly Sir Andrew Fountain, who bought antiques for the museums, was originally the name of a fifteenth-century Italian monk who forged MSS. of the classics. Here he can produce not only coins of minor Roman emperors and of the legendary kings Attys and Cecrops, but even of the Prophet Mahomet. A medieval Christian slander accused the latter of training a pigeon to feed out of his ear, so that his followers might think he was inspired by the Holy Ghost—so that the image on his supposed coin is itself indicative of charlatanism.
- l.371. *Mummius*: various identifications of this character with a real antiquary of the period have been attempted, but none is certain.
- l.372. *Cheops*: Khufu, an Egyptian Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty, builder of the Great Pyramid.
- l.380. *Sallee Rovers*: Barbary pirates.
- l.387. *Ammon*: the Egyptian god Jupiter Ammon, who was represented with rams' horns.
- l.394. *Douglas*: Dr. James Douglas (1675–1742), Physician to Queen Caroline. He made a great collection of editions of Horace.
- l.452. *Wilkins*: John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester (d. 1672), one of the founders of the Royal Society. In his *The Discovery of a World in the Moon*, 1684, he suggested the possibility of flight to that satellite by means of artificial wings.
- l.459. *A gloomy clerk*: this character represents the Freethinkers. Pope is probably punning on the name of Dr. Samuel Clarke (1675–1729) who argued for natural religion, but who nevertheless opposed the Deists.
- l.488. *Theocles*: one of the interlocutors in Shaftesbury's dialogue *The Moralists*.
- l.492. *Tindal*: Matthew Tindal (d. 1733), Deistic writer, author of *Christianity as Old as the Creation*.
- l.492. *Silenus*: Thomas Gordon (d. 1750). Translator of Tacitus and pamphleteer. Originally an opponent of Walpole's Government, he later changed sides and was made Commissioner of Wine Licences. He was strongly critical of the clergy.
- l.511. *So K * so B * * sneak'd into the grave*: Kent and Berkeley, Henry de

Grey, Duke of Kent (1671-1740), held appointments as Lord Chamberlain of the Household, Lord Steward of the Household, and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal. James, Earl of Berkeley (1680-1735), First Lord of the Admiralty under George I. Pope is suggesting that they owed their preferment to the influence of one of the king's mistresses.

l.513. *Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom*: possibly the Duke of Wharton (see the notes to the *Epistle to a Lady*), but more probably the young and dissipated Earl of Warwick, who died in 1721.

l.517. *A Wizard old*: probably Sir Robert Walpole.

l.545. *Great C***, *R***, *H***, *P***, *K***: Couper, Raymond, Harcourt, Parker, King. All newly enobled Whig peers. Their sons, otherwise undistinguished, were all patrons of the opera.

l.549. *A Priest in amice white*: i.e. a chef. The passage following refers to fancy French cookery.

l.556 *Sève and Verdeur of the Vine*: seve is the particular strength and flavour of a wine. Verdeur is 'the freshness or agreeable briskness of taste' (OED).

l.560. *Wash Bladen white and expiate Hays's stain*: two gamesters.

l.561. *Knight*: Robert Knight (d. 1744). Cashier to the notorious South Sea Company. When the bubble burst he fled to France, but was later pardoned and allowed to return.

l.562. *Three essential Partridges in One*: two dissolved to make sauce for the third.

l.576. *One rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon*: the Gregorians and the Gormogons were early eighteenth-century societies founded as parodies of Freemasonry.

l.585. *The Cap and Switch*: the insignia of a jockey. His Grace is probably the Duke of Devonshire, notoriously interested in horse-racing.

l.586. *Staff and Pumps*: running footmen wore pumps. Some young noblemen were accustomed to challenge their footmen at races. The Marquis may be the Duke of Devonshire's son, the Marquis of Hartington.

l.587. *The licens'd Earl*: the sixth Earl of Salisbury (1713-1780) drove a stage-coach.

l.589. *The learned Baron*: Baron Charles de Geer, a noted Swedish entomologist of the period.

l.591. *The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call*: a call of sergeants was an old country dance. The allusion is probably to the revels held at the Inns of Court.

l.603. *Tyrant supreme*: Sir Robert Walpole had been Prime Minister and virtual ruler of the country from 1721 to 1742.

l.608. *Leaden Gilbert*: Dr. John Gilbert (1693-1761). He later became Archbishop of York.

l.610. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak*: Convocation had been prorogued in 1717, and did not sit again till 1861.

l.614. *Palinurus*: the helmsman of Aeneas, who fell asleep at his post and was drowned. Walpole is here meant.

II3. ODE ON SOLITUDE

First printed in 1717. According to Pope's own statement it was written before he was twelve. It was, of course, subsequently revised. This, the earliest surviving poem of Pope, is significantly a Horatian imitation—not of any particular poem, though suggestive of the first part of Epodes I.

II4. OF HER WALKING IN A GARDEN AFTER A SHOWER

First printed in 1717 as the fourth of 'Verses in Imitation of Waller by a Youth of Thirteen'.

II5. PRESENTING A LARK

First printed in 1717 as one of 'Verses in Imitation of Cowley by a Youth of Thirteen'.

II5. ON SILENCE

First printed in 1713. An imitation of Rochester's poem 'On Nothing'. According to Pope's own statement, written at the age of fourteen: it was subsequently much revised. It seems to show greater promise of intellectual force than the other early imitations.

II7. ON A FAN

First printed in *The Spectator* in 1717. Probably written at least before Pope was twenty-one. The story of Cephalus and Procris is from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The hunter Cephalus, resting after the chase, invoked the cooling breeze with the words 'Veni aura'. His wife Procris, hearing of this, mistook the word *aura* (breeze) for a woman's name, and jealously concealed herself in a thicket to spy upon him. Cephalus, hearing something stirring, and thinking it was a deer, threw his spear and thus inadvertently killed his wife.

II7. THE GARDEN

First printed in 1736. Another youthful piece.

II9. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

First printed in 1730. Pope translated the deathbed poem, 'animula, blandula vagula . . .', supposed to have been addressed by the Emperor Hadrian to his soul, which expresses a pagan scepticism, and added to it this original piece as a Christian imitation. Its manner, suggestive of late baroque French catholic pietism, may not be to all tastes; but it is probably the most memorable religious lyric of its time (outside the best work of Isaac Watts).

120. EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER
THE CORONATION

First printed in 1717, but written earlier. Addressed originally not to Martha Blount (see the commentary on the *Epistle to a Lady*) but to her sister Teresa, with whom Pope subsequently quarrelled. The Coronation was that of George I (1715).

l.15. *Bohea*: see the notes to *The Rape of the Lock*.

l.24. *Whisk*: Whist.

l.46. *Parthenia*: as Xephalinda is Teresa, Parthenia is presumably Martha.

121. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Originally written in 1715, but in 1738 printed by Pope in an altered and expanded form as a pendant to *The Essay on Man*, to vindicate himself from the charge of Fatalism. It may be read as Pope's attempt to summarize his somewhat ambiguous religious position. Basically a paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer in naturalistic religious terms, it also seems to owe something to a Hymn of St. Francis Xavier which Pope himself translated.

124. LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST

Written in 1717, when Pope, on a journey to Oxford, revisited the haunts of his youth. This very personal poem was not published during Pope's lifetime. It was first printed in Dyce's Edition of 1831.

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